

The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

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The Literary Week.

MARCH 31 is the latest date for receiving MSS. for our Special Prize Competition, particulars of which will be found on page 2 of the cover of this number. Judging by the number of MSS. we have already received, the task of selecting the winners will be a heavy one. The awards will be made in our issue of April 21, on which occasion a Special Double Number of the ACADEMY will be issued.

THOSE who indulge in the mild excitement of our Weekly Competition will observe that this week it takes the form of the best Book Tea suggestion. Here is one which gained a prize at a recent gathering. A lady appeared with a war telegram pinned to her dress, giving the speech of a distinguished general to the children who had endured the siege of Ladysmith. He looked at the wasted forms and pallid faces, and as he looked tears came into his eyes, and he said in a broken voice: "It will be all right now, children. You shall have a long holiday and plenty of bread and jam." Answer: "The Woman in White."

WE who follow the trend of modern fiction are aware of three very plainly marked characteristics: (1) That women are increasingly active in this branch of literature; (2) That much of the best modern fiction comes from America; (3) That far and away the most popular form of fiction in America is the historical novel. Take, for example, Miss Mary Johnstone's *By Order of the Company*, which we review elsewhere in this number. It is a remark-



MISS MARY JOHNSTONE.

able performance when we consider that the authoress is not yet twenty-nine years of age. The *Book Buyer*, from which we reproduce the accompanying portrait of Miss

Johnstone, states that this novel raised the circulation of the *Atlantic Monthly* during its serial publication by 50,000 copies. Miss Johnstone is a Virginian by birth and ancestry.

THE *Dictionary of National Biography* will be completed in June. It is announced that the Lord Mayor will signalise the publication of the last volume of Mr. George Smith's heroic enterprise by giving a "literary entertainment." Lord Rosebery, Mr. John Morley, and the Bishop of London are expected to be present on the occasion.

THE articles on village life which have appeared from time to time in the *Outlook* above the pseudonym "Clarissa" are to be published in volume form. The dedication of the book will run: "To my brother, George Wyndham."

WE regret to learn that there is no improvement in the condition of M. Edmond Rostand, who is suffering from congestion of the lungs. A chill caught at the rehearsals of "L'Aiglon" was the beginning of the illness.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH has been on the old quest of trying to trace the personality of Shakespeare in the plays. The result will be contained in a short book, *Shakespeare: the Man*, soon to be published.

MR. GILBERT MURRAY, who wrote a scholarly *History of Ancient Greek Literature* three years ago, has attempted to recapture Greek life and feeling through the more literary medium of an original play, entitled "Andromache." Mr. Murray dedicates his effort to Mr. William Archer in the following interesting terms:

MY DEAR ARCHER,—The germ of this play sprang into existence on a certain April day in 1896 which you and I spent chiefly in dragging our reluctant bicycles up the great hills that surround Riveaulx Abbey, and discussing, so far as the blinding rain allowed us, the questions whether all sincere comedies are of necessity cynical, and how often we had had tea since the morning, and how far it would be possible to treat a historical subject loyally and unconventionally on a modern stage. Then we struck (as, I fear, is too often the fate of those who converse with me) on the subject of the lost plays of the Greek tragedians. We talked of the extraordinary variety of plot that the Greek dramatist found in his historical tradition, the force, the fire, the depth and richness of character-play. We thought of the marvellous dramatic possibilities of an age in which actual and living heroes and sages were to be seen moving against a background of primitive superstition and blank savagery; in which the soul of man walked more free from trappings than seems ever to have been permitted to it since. But I must stop; I see that I am approaching the common pitfall of playwrights who venture upon prefaces, and am beginning to prove how good my play ought to be! . . . We agreed that a simple historical play, with as little convention as possible, placed in the Greek Heroic Age, and dealing with one of the ordinary heroic stories, ought to be, well, an interesting experiment.

The "experiment" is issued at a price which would have commended itself to the democratic Athenian citizens—eighteenpence.

In the past week there has been a bad outbreak of politics among the leaders of the Irish Literary Movement. Mr. Edward Martyn, the author of "Maevy," has resigned his office of Deputy Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace for co. Galway after certain correspondence had passed between him and the Lord Chancellor. Mr. Martyn had not, it is stated, favoured the singing of the National Anthem at his residence on the occasion of a meeting held there to promote the Irish Soldiers' Fund. Are we to believe that Mr. Martyn could act as the representative of the Queen in dispensing justice to her subjects, and yet refuse those subjects permission to acknowledge her sovereignty in the usual way? We hesitate to believe it. Meanwhile, Mr. Yeats has foresworn gentleness, and wishes to call a meeting, under the presidency of Mr. John O'Leary, to dissociate Ireland from the welcome to be given to the Queen in Dublin. Mr. Yeats says the advisers of the Queen have sent her to Ireland out of "national hatred—hatred of our individual national life." Mr. George Moore attributes the Queen's visit to the "necessities of empire." We are sorry these young men have such thoughts, but, particularly, we wish they would not talk about Art one week, and hatred the next; offer first to lead us to "well-waters of primeval poetry," and then brandish the shillelagh of primeval politics.

A WRITER in the *Atlantic Monthly* gives an amusing new view of Stevenson, gathered from the speeches delivered at an essay-meeting held in an American puritanical circle. The best of it is that this view of Stevenson is quite logical—given a certain class of minds. Thus:

The evening's programme began with a biographical sketch of Stevenson, given by an elderly woman, who said that she had never had any esteem or liking for him, but she felt bound in fairness to admit that, on looking up the facts in his life, she had become convinced that there must have been something attractive about his personality to make so many people speak well of him. . . . It devolved upon another elderly woman to give her opinion of *The Master of Ballantrae*. She declared that the book did not contain a single pleasant paragraph. It was the sort of thing, she thought, which perhaps would interest boys. . . . A retired school teacher, who had been asked to give her impression of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, said she had found the literary style of the book very faulty in some respects. Many of the sentences ended with prepositions. With regard to the story considered simply as a story, she hardly knew what to say. It was a very disagreeable book. It might be that Stevenson had had a purpose in writing it. In that case, possibly it might do good. . . . An editor read a paper, in which he spoke in the customary strain of admiration of both Stevenson and his books. At the close of his eulogy, which was rather coldly received, the widow of a Baptist minister asked in a significant tone, "What were Stevenson's religious opinions?" The manner of the question clearly implied, "I am sure nothing satisfactory can be said of them." This was evidently, to many present, hitting the nail squarely on the head. . . . A returned missionary from some of the heathen islands of the Pacific said she had never met Stevenson, although his boat, the *Equator*, lay for some weeks at the island where she was. She had heard too much of him to wish to see him. . . . When pressed for details, she said that Stevenson's influence over the natives was pernicious, and the example he set them greatly to be deplored. By appearing in the native dress on certain occasions, he counteracted the efforts of the missionaries to make their converts wear the garb of civilisation and cease to go barefooted. He also smoked cigarettes in the sight of the islanders. . . . When the meeting adjourned, there seemed a disposition on the part of the members to regard the author of *The Master of Ballantrae* with charity.

THE battle of Open Access sways this way and that in the Library world. We are sending no war correspondent into the fray, but we hear the shouting of the captains. Mr. Edward Foscett sends us a pamphlet on the subject.

Asked by the editor of the *Library* to reply to a paper which that magazine had printed in favour of open access, Mr. Foscett wrote a caustic article against open access which the editor declined to print without considerable alteration. Mr. Foscett has now printed his article in pamphlet form. In it he insists that the evils of open access are manifold, and that they include serious loss by theft, damage by wind and dust, wearing out of bindings, and bewilderment to the poor "ignorant reader" to whom open access is supposed to be a blessing. Mr. Foscett watched a boy who came for "somethin' interestin', mister," exploring the shelves of a public library.

He climbed up the shelves, and in many odd positions handled books of all sorts and sizes up to a total of nineteen volumes. I have no note of his misplacements; but he was twenty-seven minutes at the shelves, and finally, in apparent bewilderment, he took a technical book on art in mistake for "somethin' interestin', mister," in the travel or tiger-hunting line. I found this out as he was leaving, and he said he should "bring the book back ter-morrer." . . . Now what that boy wanted was a little personal guidance and help. Such ignorant, yet deserving aspirants are increasingly getting aid in the most efficiently served libraries, and it is in this direction that development is eminently desirable.

In short, Mr. Foscett considers that where the indicator system is supplemented by personal advice, the best results and the least mischief are achieved. In such libraries "a reader, not knowing precisely what he wants, has only to give a hint, and all the likely books (except fiction) are actually brought to a table for him, where he can leisurely examine and choose the book for his home-reading." Meanwhile, the *Library* for March prints an article admitting that "unless open access is thoroughly safeguarded it must infallibly lead to anarchy and waste." For "safeguards" Mr. Foscett reads detectives, and on the whole he seems to have the best of the argument.

Les Jeunes—a new American monthly magazinette—is redolent of new art and vague ideals. The cover is of brown paper, and the letterpress and illustrations are printed in a bricky red. We really do not know what *Les Jeunes* is bent on doing, except to write Art with a capital A. It is lurid and languishing, or both. Sings a poetess:

I wish my lover were a tear,
That I might drink with burning lip;
Can there be rarer volupcy,
Than all his life and love to sip,
With passion-trembling lip?

We must find time to run over our list of volupcies before we answer this.

MR. A. E. FLETCHER writes on "The Ideal Newspaper" in the April *Young Man*. He tilts at capitalists who run newspapers, and editors who play up for baronetcies or knighthoods. His general charge against present-day journalism is that it records what is least worth knowing, and forces upon the public information which had best be forgotten. On the literary side of journalism Mr. Fletcher has special right to speak, for it was under his editorship that the *Daily Chronicle* introduced a daily treatment of literature into the newspapers. Mr. Fletcher stoutly maintains that journalism ought to be literature, and says:

If the newspaper is to be the Englishman's Bible of the future, let us take care that it models its style on that of the sacred books from which all our best writers, poets, and orators have caught their inspiration. You can only have a great literature in great language—the strong and simple language of great men. The language of journalism compares, I think, badly with that of our best writers. I would earnestly urge young men and women who may be thinking about choosing journalism for their life work to think over the mischief they will do if, instead of going

back to the great masters for their style, they carry on the journalistic tradition that the language of dandies and nincompoops is rather to be chosen than "the tongue that Shakespeare spake."

WE have received from Mr. David Nutt a handsomely produced volume containing facsimiles of all the signatures to the international petition presented last year to the Czar on behalf of the liberties of Finland. The interest of the volume centres in the English section, where we find the characteristic signatures of Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Prof. Sully, and many others. In the French section we find on one page the signatures of M. Zola and M. Anatole France, &c.

MR. H. HEATHCOTE STRATHAM makes an amusing point about Ruskin in the *Fortnightly* when he says:

It is one of the most curious among the many paradoxes connected with him that, while he once emphatically declared that a man can hardly draw anything without benefiting himself and others, and can hardly write anything without doing mischief, he should nevertheless have chosen to comparatively neglect his artistic capabilities in order to become one of the most voluminous writers of his age.

THE original MS. of Sir Walter Scott's *St. Ronan's Well*, which Mr. Ruskin bought from Scott's publisher, has just passed into the hands of Mr. William Brown, of Edinburgh. The MS. is said to differ somewhat from the text.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY names the following as "Disappearing Authors," in an article bearing that title in the *North American Review*:

Charles Kingsley.
Anthony Trollope.
Charles Reade.
Charles Lever.

Broadly speaking, we suppose that Mr. McCarthy is right, though it is, perhaps, too soon to say that Trollope's fate is sealed, since his claims have recently been urged in more than one quarter, and a new edition of his works is in prospect. Mr. W. D. Howells has added his voice to those raised on Trollope's behalf in England, and the New York *Literary World* recently opined that Trollope's best novels deserve a place on the same shelf as Dickens and Thackeray, if not between them. Mr. McCarthy justly distinguishes between authors who really disappear and authors of the revolving light order who blaze, fade, and blaze again. In this class he places Macaulay and George Eliot, Tennyson, and Browning, all of whom will grip the public again more thoroughly than they do at the present time. But Mr. McCarthy is surely wrong when he says that the modern reader, as we know him, "has never troubled himself even with an attempt to read Jane Austen's novels." An appreciable part of the work done in this office in the last three years has been that of entering, reviewing, and comparing new editions of Jane Austen's novels; and we happen to know that our work in this field is not yet completed. Is it all lost labour?

"My Favourite Novelist and His Best Book" is the general title of a series of articles in *Munsey's Magazine* to which English writers are making contributions. This month it is Dr. Conan Doyle's turn. The gist of his article is contained in the head-lines placed over it by the editor. "Dr. Conan Doyle finds something admirable in almost every school of fiction, but names as his special favourites the romances of Sir Walter Scott, and Charles Reade's great historical novel, *The Cloister and the Hearth*." Charles Reade, it will be noticed, is among the "disappearing authors" named by Mr. Justin McCarthy.

LAST month Mr. Henley, writing of Robert Burns in his *Pall Mall* causerie, employed asterisks to disguise the poet's name. This month he writes it in full. The reason is that the Twenty-fifth of January has passed since he last wrote. "The 'Immortal Memory' has been drunk all over Scotland; and, as far as I know, only once have I been referred to as a 'body snatcher'."

IN last week's *Notes and Queries* Mr. W. F. Prideaux began a series of "Notes for a Bibliography of Edward FitzGerald," which promises to be useful and interesting. The preoccupation of the public with FitzGerald's rendering of the "Rubáiyát" of Omar Kháyyám has involved the neglect of his other works in which, as Mr. Prideaux points out, even the devotees of Omar may find much to interest them. It would be strange, indeed, if this were not so, seeing that FitzGerald brought nearly as much to the "Rubáiyát" as he found in it. In his "Agamemnon," for instance, we find lines which bear a striking affinity to the "Rubáiyát" translation. Thus:

Call not on death, old man, that, call'd or no,
Comes quick; nor spend your ebbing breath on me,
Nor Hel-na, who but as arrows be
Shot by the hidden hand behind the bow.

And, again:

But thus it is; All bides the destined Hour;
And Man, albeit with Justice at his side,
Fights in the dark against a secret Power
Not to be conquer'd—and how pacified?

MR. PRIDEAUX finds another reason for the neglect of FitzGerald's less known works in the fact that they appeared in very small editions. When, in 1868, Prof. Cowell wrote begging a copy of *Euphranor* FitzGerald replied:

Oh, yes! I have a Lot of them: returned from Parker's when they were going to dissolve their House; I would not be at the Bother of any further negotiation with any other Bookseller, about half-a-dozen little Books which so few wanted: so had them all sent here. I will therefore send you six copies.

A DRAMATISED version of Mr. Hewlett's *The Forest Lovers* is about to be produced by Mr. Frohman in New York. Should the play prove a success it will be seen upon London boards.

BY a slip we last week attributed Moore's "Minstrel Boy" to Sir Walter Scott. We had certainly no intention to do Ireland another injustice, or (to use the expression of a correspondent) place "a fly in the ointment of a nation's grateful joy." Several correspondents have sent us facetious letters on the subject.

DURING the four months' siege of Kimberley the *Diamond Fields Advertiser* appeared daily until within four or five days of the relief, when it was stopped by the authorities for military and administrative reasons. A London journalist, who was in the besieged town, thus describes the efforts of the editor and his staff to maintain the semblance of a newspaper:

On many days the journal was a newspaper in name only—a composition of cuttings from many old numbers of *Tit-Bits* and other periodicals. Recourse, too, was had to the Kimberley library, and the history of the previous Transvaal war and sieges was re-written and re-served. Contributions were invited from residents, and we had some wonderful effusions in prose and verse, the latter being the most remarkable. However, the inhabitants paid their 3d. and got their paper—such as it was. Now and again we did obtain some interesting news, as, when a dispatch rider brought in a fairly recent copy of the *Cape Times*, for which, I believe, as much as £5 was paid. Then it was quite amusing to see the editor, sub-editor, and reporters eagerly scanning the paper, with breathless interest;

and, needless to state, scissors and paste were quickly *en evidence*, and the readers of the *Diamond Fields Advertiser* considered they had an excellent paper the next morning. Of course the paper was reduced in size.

Copies of this paper and of the *Ladysmith Lyre* should be valuable now.

WE notice this week the new Oxford edition of the *Complete Works of Molière*. In his interesting quarterly *Periodical* Mr. Frowde gives a list of quotations from Molière's plays which may be said to have passed into use in England, either in their French form or in translations. The list is not so long as one might have expected it to be, but it is of sufficient interest to quote.

- "Le monde, chère Agnès, est une étrange chose."
L'École des Femmes, Act ii., Sc. 5.
- "Ah! pour être dévot, je n'en suis pas moins homme."
Le Tartuffe ou L'Imposteur, Act iii., Sc. 3.
- "Il y a fagots et fagots."
Le Médecin malgré Lui, Act i., Sc. 5.
- "Nous avons changé tout cela."—*Ib.*, Act ii., Sc. 4.
- "Le véritable Amphitryon
Est l'Amphitryon où l'on dine."
Amphitryon, Act iii., Sc. 5.
- "Je parle à mon bonnet."—*L'Avare*, Act i., Sc. 1.
- "Les beaux yeux de ma casette."—*Ib.*, Act v., Sc. 4.
- "Par ma foi! il y a plus de quarante ans que je dis de la prose sans que j'en susse rien."
Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, Act ii., Sc. 4.
- "Entre lui, vous et moi, jurons, jurons, ma belle,
Une ardeur éternelle."
Ib., Act iv., Sc. 1.
- "Je le soutiendrai devant tout le monde."
Ib., Act iv., Sc. 3.
- "Que diable alloit-il faire dans cette galère?"
Les Fourberies de Scapin, Act ii., Sc. 7.
- "La grammaire, qui sait régenter jusqu'aux rois."
Les Femmes Savantes, Act ii., Sc. 6.
- "Ah! il n'y a plus d'enfants."
Le Malade Imaginaire, Act ii., Sc. 8.

Bibliographical.

I DID not think that I should live to accord entire approval to any utterance by the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone; but the thing has happened. Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. are good enough to circulate monthly a publication which they call *The Book Lover*, and in which they give a disinterested account of the various works which they have just issued, or are about to issue. In *The Book Lover* for March there is an interview with Mr. W. H. Wilkins, who is going to publish with them a biography of Sophie Dorothea of Celle. It appears that Mr. Wilkins, who put forth, eight years ago, a novel called *St. Michael's Eve*, was so fortunate as to include Mr. Gladstone among his readers. Of course, Mr. Gladstone wrote to Mr. Wilkins on the subject, and these were the golden words he used: "It seems to me that with us at the present day talent is running overmuch into the field of invention; and that, setting apart the few cases where an author is conscious of strong creative power, other fields of history and research are more fruitful." Mr. Wilkins says that he has acted on this hint. Now, if all good Gladstonians would accept the suggestion of the Master, and cease writing novels—unless "conscious of strong creative power"—what a much brighter universe this would be.

As a bibliographer, I have a sense of personal indebtedness to the gentleman who has just published a novel called *The Dean of Darrendale*. He says he has not put

his real name on the title-page because it happens to be identical with that of a novelist already well-known. He therefore calls himself "Wynton Eversley." He is wise. He is also fair, for obviously a new "Thomas Hardy" (to take an example at random) ought not, at this time of day, to take advantage of the popularity and fame achieved by the author of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. Moreover, if a new "Thomas Hardy" had any ambition to become popular and famous, he could not do worse for himself than produce books which (if really admirable) would almost certainly be attributed to the earlier comer. My own interest in the matter is purely bibliographical, and that is why I am sorry that there is an English and an American Robert Bridges, and an American and an English Winston Churchill. It is not right that the difficulties of the unhappy bibliographer should thus be complicated. The American Robert Bridges, coming after the English, ought to have called himself Robert Bridges the Second. That would have established his identity, and made everything pleasant.

Let us hope that it will never be considered the duty of a bibliographer to trace, for the benefit of the public, the wanderings of fictitious characters from novel to novel. One does not complain when the Mark Antony of "Julius Cæsar" turns up in "Antony and Cleopatra," and the Bolingbroke of "Richard II." reappears in "Henry IV.," because these were historical characters, and reappear legitimately; but when it comes to authors of pure fiction, whether of plays or novels, carrying their creations from one work to another, it is time to protest against the strain upon the memory and the recording pen. We know that the Sir Novelty Fashion of Cibber's *Love's Last Shift* reappears in Vanbrugh's *Relapse* as Lord Foppington; but the system is not to be encouraged, though Thackeray and Trollope used it. We are now told that some of the characters in Miss Fowler's *Isabel Carnaby* and (I think) *A Double Thread* are to reappear in her next novel, *The Farringdons*. It is just possible that some of us may not recognise them. The creations of the modern storyteller do not always make a marked impression upon the mind.

I am beginning to think that I am in my way a first-class prophet. Only the other day I suggested that Sydney Dobell's war poems might well receive attention, and lo and behold comes a brief announcement that they are shortly to be reproduced. Not very long ago, too, a correspondent wrote to ask me whether William Penn's *Fruits of Solitude* could be obtained in England. R. L. Stevenson had referred to the work in one of his letters, and that had given it a new lease of life. I told my correspondent that there had been comparatively recent reprints of the *Fruits*, but that I could not be sure any one of them was "in the market." I suggested that some publisher might find it worth his while to reprint the said *Fruits*. And now I read that the work is to be reprinted soon under the editorship of Mr. Edmund Gosse, whose labours at the Board of Trade happily are not so exhausting as to prevent his engaging in such literary enterprises.

"*The Cave of Illusion*, a drama by Alfred Sutro, with an introduction by Maurice Maeterlinck"—nothing could be more appropriate. It is a sort of *quid pro quo*. Did not Mr. Sutro translate into English M. Maeterlinck's *Alladine and Palomides*, and also his *Treasure of the Humble*? The least that M. Maeterlinck could do after this was to "introduce" a drama by his English translator.

Ought Mr. A. C. Benson to have christened his forthcoming book *The Professor, and Other Poems*? Somehow or other, that title, *The Professor*, seems sacred to Charlotte Brontë, though Heaven knows why. There ought to be no monopoly in literature. Professors, nowadays, are as numerous as blackberries. You remember with what admirable tact and irony Matthew Arnold deprecated the title.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

A New-Old Movement.

The Symbolist Movement in Literature. By Arthur Symons.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

In this grave and admirably-written volume Mr. Symons has a subject which suits his idiosyncrasy; and the work is, in most respects, better—more spontaneous, more sympathetic, more constructive, and more homogeneous—than any section of *Studies in Two Literatures*. He has always had a tendency towards the exotic, the mysterious (if not the vague), the Un-obvious; and he has always shivered away from contact with that positivity of daily common facts, that hard Britannic physicalism (cult of the cold tub), *toute cette vieille Extériorité inflexible*, which characterise so deeply our nineteenth-century poetry and prose. Here, in this movement which found its most child-like exponent in Verlaine, its most brilliant in Mallarmé, and its loftiest in Maeterlinck, there is nothing to dismay, and everything to enhearten, a spectator of life and letters such as Mr. Symons. It is only natural, then, that he should be at his best. And his best is really something quite distinguished. Mr. Symons has nursed and watched over his critical talent with an almost maternal care and conscientiousness. We have seen it grow, during some ten years now, not only in strength, but in fineness and beauty. Essentially Gallic in literary temperament, Mr. Symons yet owes more to Walter Pater than to any other. His highly-wrought style possesses, in a measure, every quality of Pater's except the crowning quality of wistfulness. It is a notable style, elaborately perfected, ardent in its "chimerical search after the virginity of language," reverent in its attitude towards words, precise without being hard, and musical without affectation. As a critic Mr. Symons perceives gradually rather than by instant intuition. Instead of flashing the limelight into the cave, he examines it with a tinted lantern, showing you this and that, and ultimately directing an illuminating final ray upon the most secret arcanum of the grot. Take this, of Verlaine: "From the moment when his inner life may be said to have begun, he was occupied with the task of unceasing confession, in which one seems to overhear him talking to himself, in that vague, preoccupied way he often had."

In the art of personal portraiture—a valuable and legitimate, if somewhat modern, adjunct of criticism—Mr. Symons specially excels. There are several examples which might be quoted. We will give his picture of Joris Karl Huysmans at the house of "the bizarre Madame X.":

He leans back on the sofa, rolling a cigarette between his thin, expressive fingers, looking at no one and at nothing, while Madame X. moves about with solid vivacity in the midst of her extraordinary menagerie of *bric-à-brac*. The spoils of all the world are there in that incredibly tiny *salon*; they lie underfoot, they climb up walls, they cling to screens, brackets, and tables; one of your elbows menaces a Japanese toy, the other a Dresden china shepherdess; all the colours of the rainbow crash in a barbaric discord of notes; and in a corner of this fantastic room Huysmans lies back indifferently on the sofa, with the air of one perfectly resigned to the boredom of life. Something is said by my learned friend who is to write for the new periodical, or perhaps it is the young editor of the new periodical who speaks . . . ; and Huysmans, without looking up, and without taking the trouble to speak very distinctly, picks up the phrase, transforms it (more likely transpires it) in a perfectly turned sentence, a phrase of impromptu elaboration. Perhaps it is only a stupid book that someone has mentioned, or a stupid woman; as he speaks the book looms up before one, becomes monstrous in its dullness, a masterpiece and miracle of imbecility; the unimportant little woman grows into a slow horror before your eyes. It is always the unpleasant aspect of things that he seizes; but the intensity of his revolt from

that unpleasantness brings a touch of the sublime into the very expression of his disgust. Every sentence is an epigram, and every epigram slaughters a reputation or an idea. He speaks with an accent as of pained surprise, an amused look of contempt, so profound that it becomes almost pity for human imbecility.

Regarding the "Symbolist movement in literature" (Mr. Symons should have said "in French literature," for he deals with nothing else), it appears to us that there is no Symbolist movement. There is a movement, but it is not Symbolist. Or, rather, it is no more symbolist than all poetry is symbolist. Mr. Symons fails, brilliantly, to justify the term. He quotes *Sartor* to the effect that in the Symbol there is "some embodiment and revelation of the Infinite—the Infinite is made to blend itself with the Finite, to stand visible, and, as it were, attainable there." And he adds that it is in this sense that the epithet is applied to the now famous French school. But is it? In order to arrive at the Infinite *via* a Symbol you must first have the Symbol. And it does not seem that the Symbolist work is rich in symbols. Mallarmé, who is the self-conscious artist of the movement, its authoritative expounder, lays stress on Suggestion, not on Symbolism. "To name is to destroy; to suggest is to create." There lies the formula, and Mr. Symons's chosen extracts (exquisitely translated, by the way) support it. Where, in any but the usual degree common to every true poet, is the Symbolism of Mallarmé's "Sigh" or his "Sea-wind"? The fact is, this movement ought to have been called the "Evocative" movement. (It never will be, but it should have been.) "To evoke, by some elaborate, instantaneous magic of language, without the formality of an after all impossible description; to be, rather than to express." That was the aim of the fine flower of this school. The miracle was to be immediate, not wrought by an apparatus either of Symbolism or any other *ism*.

There had been "evocatives" long before Arthur Rimbaud roused the wondering enthusiasm of Verlaine. Scores of examples of "creative suggestion"—conceived in the very spirit of our French Symbolists—exist in Elizabethan literature. Provided he had not read Shakespeare, would any cautious person be prepared to deny that the last line of the following description of a nun's life (note the second word particularly) was not translated from Mallarmé?

For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd . . .
Chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitless moon.

Mr. Symons finds Symbolism (let us yield to the word) first in Gérard de Nerval, and he traces its course onwards through de l'Isle Adam, Rimbaud, and Laforgue, to Verlaine, Mallarmé, and Maeterlinck. And though, as we take it link by link, we see no flaw in the chain, it is ultimately clear that the Symbolism of Mallarmé was an essentially different thing from that of de Nerval. The movement might almost be divided into two halves, partly concurrent: the first consisting of de Nerval, Rimbaud, and Verlaine; and the second of de l'Isle Adam, Laforgue, Mallarmé, and Maeterlinck. The former were children of Nature, singing they knew not how nor why; the latter were children of Art, subservient to theories of almost scientific precision.

The essay on Mallarmé is the most brilliant in the whole volume; it stands unequalled among all Mr. Symons's critical work, with the possible exception of his appreciation of Aubrey Beardsley. It belongs, indeed, to a very high order of criticism. The subject is one of intense and complicated difficulty; but Mr. Symons has treated it with a delicacy and a sureness of perception, an instinct for clarity, which can scarcely be overpraised, and which nearly make plain some of the abstrusest "divagations" of Mallarmé's decadence. His courage in advancing a theory of the way in which Mallarmé wrote verse and the reasons for Mallarmé's later unintelligibility is only surpassed by the persuasive convincingness of the theory.

The Jowett Lectures.

A Critical History of a Future Life in Israel Judaism and in Christianity. By R. H. Charles, D.D. (Adam & Charles Black.)

DR. CHARLES WAS for some years a curate of the Church of England at Whitechapel, Kensington, and Kennington successively, and is now Professor of Biblical Greek at that most Protestant of Protestant institutions, Trinity College, Dublin. He is also well known to science as the translator from the Ethiopic and the Syriac of the Book of Enoch, the Book of Jubilees, and other of the lesser known Apocrypha, and is, perhaps, since the death of Dillmann, the greatest living authority on Apocalyptic literature. He is, therefore, thoroughly well equipped for the task he has here set himself, and the trustees of the Jowett Lecture Fund may be congratulated upon having chosen him to deliver the lectures for 1898-1899, of which this book is a reprint. They could hardly have found anyone with better credentials either for learning or for orthodoxy.

Of the pre-Exilic or, as he prefers to call it, the Hebrew notions of a future life Dr. Charles has not very much to say. Passing by without mention the older view of Warburton that the Jews in the time of Moses had no conception of a future life at all, he tells us that their conception of a life after death was not wholly independent of "Yahwism," but actually opposed to it, being, in fact, itself a survival from heathen times. Following Stade and others, he regards the main body of the Israelites as given up to the worship of their ancestors, of whom he considers the teraphim to have been the images, and it is by this that he explains the law of the levirate, or the "raising-up of seed" to a deceased brother. Hence it is not to be wondered at they looked upon the dead as having vague powers of annoyance towards the living that could only be propitiated by sacrifices, and considered their Sheol as a dreary abode quite outside the sphere of "Yahwe's" rule. These views he thinks go back to the period when "the Hebrew clans lived in the valley of the Euphrates, and shared this and other beliefs with the Babylonians of that time"; and, although they received some modification as the worship of Yahwe became more prominent, they were not abandoned till a very late date. "Down to the Exile, and later, the beliefs of Israel with reference to a future life were heathen to the core, and irreconcilable with any intelligible belief in a sole and supreme God," and these beliefs, he says later, found their final expression in Sadduceeism. It was the prophets, he thinks, and especially Isaiah, who first taught that the righteous should after death be restored to "communion with God and with the righteous community"; and it was this belief, strengthened, no doubt, by contact with Persian thought in Babylon, that led to the faith in the resurrection which filtered down through sects like the Chasidim until it reached its fullest development among the Pharisees. But it may be noticed that the blessedness of the dead was never held to extend to the Gentiles. Some of the larger-minded prophets thought that the Gentiles might in the last days be raised again to be servants of Israel; but Ezekiel—of whom Dr. Charles seems to have a particular detestation—Haggai, Zechariah, Nahum, Habbakuk, and Daniel all prophesy their total destruction. By the time the author gets to his Book of Enoch (say 170 B.C.) he finds that the punishments of God, which for the Jews are corrective, are towards the Gentiles merely vindictive. "In no case," he says, speaking of the literature of the immediately pre-Christian period, "does it appear that the Gentiles could attain to a blessed resurrection."

Meanwhile, an idea destined to exercise a yet greater effect in the future of the nation was gradually taking the leading place in Jewish thought. This was the theory of a miraculous personage who should lead the Jews to the subjugation of the whole earth. This idea was not fully

developed, according to Dr. Charles, until after the Exile, as he considers that "the Branch" foretold by Jeremiah is not an individual, but a dynasty. "Most of the passages in Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, and Micah which promise the advent of the Messianic kingdom and of the Messiah" are, he considers, later interpolations, but during the Exile the idea took definite shape, and thereafter "the day of Yahwe," as it was called, was looked forward to as the period when the sceptre of the world should be given to Israel, leaving the Gentiles either to exist as slaves to the chosen race or to be totally destroyed. In the formation of this idea he again assigns the initiative to Ezekiel, although he points out that that part of the Book of Enoch which is known as the Similitudes is the first writing in which the Messiah is looked upon as a superhuman being. From that time onward the expectation of a supernatural leader who should enable the Jews to oppress the Gentiles never ceased to occupy their minds until it brought about their final rebellion and consequent extinction as a nation under Hadrian. This idea Dr. Charles traces with great distinctness throughout the whole range of Apocryphal and Apocalyptic literature. He does not tell us very much as to its ultimate origin, although he points out the influence of Parsism upon certain writers such as the pseudo-Daniel. But an unbiased student might perhaps see in it the racial fondness for a "holy war" which has so often led Semitic nations to dream not altogether fruitlessly of an orgie of blood and plunder brought about by supernatural aid. The rôle of the Mahdists in the Soudan, now happily extinguished, is but the last as well as the most familiar instance of this.

There remains the eschatology of the early Christian Church, as to which Dr. Charles speaks with no uncertain sound. At the outset of the ministry of Jesus, he tells us, "He had, we can hardly doubt, hoped to witness the consummation of" the Messianic kingdom "without passing through the gates of death." That, later, He expected to return during the then existing generation he holds, too, to be proved beyond question, and to this faith the early Church were committed. He thinks, too, that Jesus plainly taught that only the righteous would rise again, although this doctrine was modified—as he thinks, wrongly—in the Gospel of St. Luke. The idea of "the Millennium, or the reign of Christ for 1,000 years on the present earth, or any other form of the temporary Messianic kingdom, cannot be said to belong to the sphere of Christian doctrine"; while the doctrine of eternal damnation is "a Judaistic survival of grossly immoral character." Finally, he considers the eschatology of St. Paul points "either to the final redemption of all created personal beings or—and this seems the true alternative—to the destruction of the finally impenitent." "This destruction," he says cryptically, "would not be of the nature of an external punishment, but subjective and self-executed."

Dr. Charles always writes with clearness and point, and the full references to authorities that he gives will enable scholars to check his conclusions for themselves. For our own part, we fancy that, like most clerical writers, he is rather too much inclined to look upon both the Jewish and the Christian religions as things to be considered apart from all other faiths, and to attach too little weight to the influence that the nations among whom the Jews were cast may have had in matters like eschatology. Thus, the theory that the world would finally be destroyed by fire was a favourite with the Stoics, and was publicly taught by them about the time when the Jewish ideas of a final cataclysm began to take shape. So, too, the idea of a superhuman being leading his own worshippers to the conquest of other nations, was familiar enough at the same period to the Greek worshippers of Bacchus, or of his prototype the Egyptian Osiris; while the likeness of the Johannine Apocalypse to the Persian book of Arda-Viraf has been often pointed out. But such points fall into the background when we consider the manner in

which Dr. Charles treats the Bible, which formerly was looked upon as the very mainstay and sheet-anchor of Protestantism. According to Dr. Charles, it was the non-fulfilment of prophecies which was "one of the main sources" of the numerous Apocalypses which profess to give an account of "the last things," and he uses those among them which are uncanonical as if they were on a perfect equality with those in the Canon. Ezekiel's views on many points he holds to be "demonstrably false," while he finds many incongruities and inconsistencies in the eschatology of the New Testament. He even thinks it "easily conceivable" that "some ideas morally irreconcilable should exist in the same [inspired] writer." As for the text, he treats it in the way that the higher critics have already made familiar to us. It has before been said that most of the Messianic passages in the early prophets are treated as interpolations; and the same treatment is extended to the statement in John v. 28, 29, that they have done good shall come forth from their graves "unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation." This passage, says Dr. Charles, is so plainly inconsistent with its context that it must be cut out, and he would deal in the same way with the words "at the last day" where they occur in the following chapter. We do not pretend to take up the cudgels for the Protestant faith against one so well qualified to speak on its behalf as Dr. Charles, but if this is its last word on Biblical inspiration, we should like to know the sanction for the rest of its dogmas.

Molière.

Œuvres Complètes de Molière. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 5s.; India Paper, 9s. 6d. Miniature Edition, 4 vols., 14s.)

IN these days, when farcical comedy (not always of the most laughter-moving quality) overflows our theatres, it is worth while to turn to the greatest master of laughter that has yet appeared, and realise how far we are degenerate. One could not do so in a better or handier little edition than that just issued by the Oxford Press. It will give all who wish to renew their acquaintance with Molière an opportunity of doing so with pleasure, and it may be hoped, tempt to him many new readers. There is nothing in our own literature to expound the comedy of Molière; it is altogether French. It is not the witty comedy of our Restoration dramatists, with its glitter of epigram, antithesis, and ludicrous simile, couched in exquisitely turned and easy form. Still less is it Eliza bethan comedy. In fact, it is not comedy at all, but the sublimation of farce. There are exceptions: *The Misanthrope* rises to serious comedy; while *Tartuffe*, in construction and execution one of Molière's masterpieces, in conception is sombre and almost virulent to a repellent degree. The central character is so loathsome, that we are unable to abandon ourselves to the spirit of mirth; we feel ourselves in the hands of a serious and mortal-wounding satirist; and the delineation is carried through unflinchingly to the odious last, no detail of blasphemous hypocrisy spared us. It moves to hatred and indignation, which is not the function of comedy.

But this is by the way. What we have said holds true with regard to the bulk of Molière's work: it depends on broadly humorous situation and exquisite fooling, a constant succession of the most fertile and unexpected absurdities, put into the mouths of conscious or unconscious buffoons. The characters are nought, well-thumbed stage types which do not count, handed down from the old Italian comedy: the miser, the credulous old *pantaloon*, the clown, the brace of lovers (otherwise harlequin and columbine), the heroine's maid and *confidante*, who makes comic love with the clown, ultimately crystallising into the

soubrette of French comedy—these, with trimmings, provide the bill of fare in play after play. Congreve could remark even of the rich English stage that the characters available for comedy were really very few, and had a tendency to revolve round certain fixed types; but it is far more the case with the French stage of this period. Even when a new character seems to present himself in Molière, he presently proves to be one of the old lay-figures in an up-to-date dress. M. Jourdain, the rich *bourgeois* with an incurable wish to make himself a gentleman on the "while you wait" principle of refashioning, in point of character, is our old friend the pantaloon in a new situation. Molière does not attempt to draw you a French *bourgeois* as he lived, moved, and had his being, as Shakespeare would have done in like circumstances. He is content to have put his credulous old man into a new position, which affords endless variety for his capacity of blundering. It is on that capacity that the play turns: Jourdain is the unconscious buffoon, as in another play Sganarelle is the conscious one. Molière, being himself an actor, carries the element of farce as far as the most downright stage-tricks. In *Le Médecin Malgré Lui* there is a venerable bit of business about Sganarelle's bottle, which he passes from side to side, and finally hugs to his stomach, under the belief that his interlocutors are going to take it from him, which gestures, as the original remarks with delightful naïveté, "font un grand jeu de théâtre," make a fine stage trick indeed. *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* in its final scenes adventures joyously upon wild farce; the egregious M. Jourdain seated solemnly in his chair, dressed as a Turk, while the rest of the characters, in similar masquerade, dance round him singing burlesque verses in *lingua franca*, and cudgel him, under pretext of making him a Turkish dignitary.

But individualised character, as it is outside Molière's design, so also it is not missed by reader or spectator. You do not even think of it while his personages are pouring forth their rich follies. His spirit of drollery is inexhaustible, and would cover the sins of a score of ordinary playwrights. He is an artist, of course, like all Frenchmen; his plays are skilfully constructed; and he is fertile in invention of comic situation. But the wonderful endowment of his animal spirits; the opulent flow of humour, saturating everything; the sheer mirth of the man—this is the prominent and unrivalled gift which carries us away. Fully half of the play to which we lately referred, *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, consists of nothing but M. Jourdain's interviews with his various teachers; there is no plot going forward, no action. But the mere procession of the *bourgeois'* absurdities is irresistible. The best of these have passed into proverbs, such as the famous: "For forty years I have been speaking prose without having the least idea of it, and I am most infinitely obliged to you for having told me so." But the whole of the scene with the Philosophical Master, in which this occurs, is admirable humour:

PHIL. MASTER. The vowel O is formed by opening the jaws, and approaching the lips by the two extremities, the upper and the lower: O.

M. JOURDAIN. O, O. Nothing could be more just. A, E, I, O, I, O. This is admirable. I, O, I, O.

PHIL. MAS. The opening of the mouth makes exactly as it were a little circle, which represents an O.

M. JOUR. O, O, O. You are right; O. Ah, what a fine thing it is to know something!

The surprise and infantile delight with which the *bourgeois* receives and airs the most elementary scraps of knowledge is deliciously rendered. There is about the drollery in these scenes something of the *bon enfant* which is characteristically French; perhaps we might say characteristically southern! For there is a childlike easiness of unbending in southern fooling which northern fooling lacks, and whereby it escapes the jack-pudding offensiveness to which Teutonic farce is liable. If the Teuton can touch

greater heights than the man of Latin race (as seems probable from a comparison of literatures), it must be confessed he is very much less happy in coming down from them. Southern humour is gay; and it is this gaiety of humour, radiating through Molière, this ebullient laughter, which makes him the greatest of modern comic dramatists. Not Shakespeare has it in such wealth, though here and there he may touch a note of purer humour. Yet occasionally we find ourselves reminded of Shakespeare in reading Molière. For example, in the very play from which we have just quoted, M. Jourdain's ridiculous contest of politeness with Dorante recalls Slender's similar contest with Page in the *Merry Wives*; while the absurdity with which he closes it, "J'aime mieux être incivil qu'importun," is a literal translation of Slender's final sentence, "I will rather be unmannerly than troublesome." Yet Molière had never read Shakespeare! One likes to find such incidental coincidences and resemblances between the two great masters—both actors and both dramatists. If, however, as we have said, Molière has nothing of that character-drawing which, in Shakespeare, makes Sir Andrew Aguecheek totally distinct from every other Shakespearean fool, and Sir Toby Belch quite unlike Falstaff (whom in any other hands he would certainly have resembled), it would be a mistake to think that we get from Molière no picture of his age. On the contrary, he comprehensively reflects the France of his time. But that is dependent on other things than character-drawing. He did not so much set himself to paint manners as to seize on what he found ridiculous and laughter-worthy in the France of his day. Accordingly he must remain, perhaps, without influence on the modern stage, which is above all closely realistic. Yet our writers of farcical comedy might learn from him the secret of that fountain of laughter which was his above all men's. Perhaps, however, it cannot be transferred to our stage; and the history of adaptations from him would tend to prove so. For in all the spirit has evaporated. We must be content with our Molière in the pretty little volumes which the Clarendon Press has given us.

An Industrious Singer.

Songs of the Morning. By Nora Hopper. (Grant Richards.)

MISS HOPPER has her place among the band of Irish poets that constitute what is called the Celtic renaissance. They are a band whose claims to recognition it is impossible to ignore, as is shown by the specimens of their work collected in Mr. Yeats's *Book of Irish Verse*. Mr. Yeats himself, Mrs. Hinkson, Dr. Douglas Hyde (in his translations from the Gaelic), Mr. John Eglington, and the exceedingly strange and subtle writer signing himself "A. E.," can show a body of verse which makes high claim for the advances of the sister isle. Miss Hopper in this volume does not suffer us to forget that she belongs to the Celtic band. Yet it is hardly because of the poems which insist on their Irish birthright that we hail the present book as a gain upon her previous achievement. Those poems seem to us among the least original in the collection: they belong distinctly to a brand of poetry for which many writers seem to have the recipe, and are neither better nor worse than others in this particular "line" of goods. We know the substratum of Irish legend, the edifice of sentiment as cheap in Ireland as in England, and wearily common to both, the Irish phrases interspersed at due intervals in the composition like raisins. This kind of national sentiment is a flavouring essence, which can be applied to any poem with guaranteed effect. The spice of Gaelic names cannot render novel to English readers the mechanical picturesqueness of such ballads.

Nor yet do we care specially for Miss Hopper in another class of poems, which forego the deliberate consciousness of nationality, and essay that sensuous picturing of nature and glow of external colour which a whole school of writers have caught—directly or indirectly—from Rossetti. A profusion of words like stained glass characterise work of this order; and the words are all there in Miss Hopper's verse. But the glittering diction is not inevitable, seizes us by no magic; we can see (as it were) how the thing is done. Once or so she deliberately tries her verbal gift in an impression—"On the Embankment"; but she fails to endue her words with nervous organisation, they are but paints. The final stanza directly remembers Rossetti:

Of gifts it makes to days and nights
I took three memories away:
The scent of leaves that rotting lay,
The pigeon's call, the wandering light's.

The Pre-Raphaelite master sang:

From perfect grief there need not be
Wisdom or even memory:
One thing alone is left to me—
The wood-spurge hath a cup of three.

That is a slight matter; more serious is it to speculate what Miss Hopper means in "Kew Gardens" by:

The peonies stand
Like purpled flames on either hand.

The *locus classicus* for the word is the passage where Milton speaks of Iris' "purpled scarf." One cannot help a dark suspicion that Miss Hopper supposed it to be a form of "purpled." Only so can we explain its application to peonies. But the poem (in spite of the cuckoos' "drawing voices sad and soft"—a luckless phrase) has a fine close:

The wild-fowl by the water-side
Cry as if man's first day had died,
And Adam, naked, stood alone
'Neath the first darkness he had known.

Miss Hopper, this would show, is capable of better things than "word-painting." She is capable of very good things indeed; and the best of them occur when she shuts one thought in a lyric closed like a lantern and complete. The lyric germinates from the single idea (to use another image) and ceases with the full unfolding of it. Of all this class, in which Miss Hopper most truly comes to her own, the finest is "Southernwood," to which we referred when it appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*; a very beautiful poem, in which intimate feeling shelters its self-betrayal under gracious veils:

So I have harvested my womanhood
Into one tall green bush of southernwood;
And if the leaves are green about your feet,
And if my fragrance on a day should meet
And brace your weariness, why, not in vain
Shall I have husbanded from sun and rain
My spices if you chance to find them sweet.

I have grown up beneath the sheltering shade
Of roses: roses' poignant scents have made
My sharp spice sweeter than 'twas wont to be.
Therefore if any vagrant gather me
And wear me in his bosom, I will give
Him dreams of roses; he shall dream and live,
And wake to find the rose a verity.

Gather me, gather. I have dreams to sell.
The sea is not by any fluted shell
More faithfully remembered than I keep
My thought of roses, through beguiling sleep
And the bewildering day. I'll give to him
Who gathers me more sweetness than he'd dream
Without me—more than any lily could;
I that am flowerless, being southernwood.

Charming, in a lighter and impersonal vein, is the poem called "Monday," with its dainty and appropriate fancy.

Miss Hopper, indeed, frequently has happy lights of fancy, as:

The moon is a vampire to-night. She has sucked from the stars

Their splendour of silver: they lean to us weary and white
Like prisoners' faces pressed pale against window-bars.

Altogether, we may perhaps say that the thing in which Miss Hopper shows most distinct advance is the personal lyric. Her work is always accomplished, but in such poems as "Southernwood" it touches a higher mood and a more unquestionable inspiration. It is distinguished poetry indeed.

"The Great Clerk Grostest."

Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln. By F. S. Stevenson, M.P. (Macmillan.)

ROBERT GROSSETESTE—"Seynt Roberd," as men loved to call him—stands side by side with his friend Simon de Montfort among the leaders of thirteenth century England. Eminent in letters and philosophy, he left the calm ways of academic life for the thorny thickets of political and ecclesiastical warfare. His life was written by Richard, a monk of Bardney, early in the sixteenth century, and by Samuel Pegge late in the eighteenth, and has now been re-written by Mr. Stevenson with sufficient learning, industry, and sympathy, and perhaps with an imperfect feeling for the vigorous and picturesque in biographical narrative. A man of Suffolk by birth, Grosseteste was trained at Oxford, migrated to Paris, and back again to Oxford, where he is believed to have become the first Chancellor of the growing University. He had rare learning for his age both in Greek and Hebrew, wrote on theology, philosophy, mathematics, and natural science, and earned from the erudite and critical Roger Bacon a commendation denied to Alexander de Hales, Albertus Magnus, and Thomas Aquinas. Bacon, indeed, put him on a level with Solomon, Aristotle, and Avicenna. Wycliffe even thought him greater than Aristotle. In 1235 Grosseteste succeeded Hugh de Wells as Bishop of Lincoln. He rapidly rose to a real, if not a formal, primacy in the English Church, and for the rest of his life championed Anglican independence alike against the secular power and against the extravagant pretensions of the See of Rome. He wrestled with the Pope on the claim of presentation to English benefices and threw him. Within the borders of the Church itself he was a reformer, somewhat austere. His visitations were a terror to the laxer chapters and monastic houses. The secular clergy he compelled to observe sumptuary regulations long disregarded. He thundered against fairs in churchyards, the drinking bouts known as "Scotates," the Feast of Fools, and even, like the Puritans after him, the harmless ritual of the King and Queen of May. He was one of the first to welcome the Dominican and Franciscan friars when they landed in England, and he acted as theological lecturer to the school which the Franciscans set up in their cell at Oxford. Nor did his pastoral duties draw him wholly from humaner studies. He brought Greeks to teach in England, translated St. Ignatius, St. John of Damascus, and Dionysius the Areopagite, made an English version of Walter of Henley's *Treatise on Husbandry*, and wrote *Les Reules Seynt Robert*, not for monks or recluses, but for the management of a great estate.

At last he won his way, as Herodotus has it, "to the mythical." Matthew Paris narrates the mystery of his death:

On the same night also certain Minorites, who were journeying in haste towards Buckden, where Robert, Bishop of Lincoln, then was—for he was a comforter and father to the Franciscans and Dominicans—lost their way in the royal forest of Wanberge, and, while wandering

about, heard in the air a sound as of bells, amongst which they clearly distinguished one bell of sweeter note than any they had heard before. When the dawn appeared they met some foresters, of whom, after obtaining directions to enable them to regain the right road, they inquired what meant that solemn peal of bells which they had heard in the direction of Buckden, to which the foresters replied that they had not heard, and did not then hear anything, though the sound still greatly filled the air. Greatly wondering, the brethren made their way to Buckden, and were told that at the very time of night when they had heard those melodious sounds the Bishop of Lincoln had breathed forth his happy spirit.

As has been said, he received a local cult, and miracles are alleged to have been wrought at his tomb in Lincoln Cathedral. This tomb Leland saw, "a goodly one of marble, with an image of brass over it"; but it fell before the Puritan iconoclasts of the Civil Wars. Fifty years after his death, formal application was made for his canonisation by the Deans and Chapters of Lincoln and St. Paul's, the Abbot and Convent of Osney, King Edward the First, the Archbishop of York, and the University of Oxford. But the memory of Grosseteste's resistance to papal aggression still lingered at Rome, and his shade had to remain content with the lesser "seynt-ship" of popular acclamation.

Other New Books.

PASSAGES IN A WANDERING LIFE. BY THOMAS ARNOLD.

Mr. Arnold is the second son of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, and the father of Mrs. Humphry Ward, and among his other justifications for venturing upon autobiography were his intimacy with Cardinal Newman and some interesting pioneer experiences in New Zealand in the forties. Mr. Arnold was born at Laleham, where his brother Matthew is buried, in 1823, and was educated at Winchester, Rugby, and Oxford. Among his schoolfellows were the author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays* and Hodson of *Hodson's Horse*. Mr. Arnold's Fox-How recollections include a meeting with Southey—"So now you've seen a real live poet!" said he to the boy; and Hartley Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Christopher North flit across these pages. Of Wordsworth he says: "The poet's ordinary dress was a loose brown frockcoat, trousers of shepherd's plaid, a loose black handkerchief for a necktie, a green-and-black plaid shawl round the shoulders, and a wide-awake or straw hat, often with a blue veil attached to it." One would like a description of his extraordinary dress. Hartley Coleridge reminded Mr. Arnold of Scott's "Black Dwarf." He says of him: "He was a melancholy ruin; when he was in the vein he would talk in an eloquent and richly imaginative strain, walking about the room all the time." Of Derwent Coleridge and Hartley he says: "They were both short, thick-set men, and to see the head of St. Mark's College, Chelsea, the respectable divine, walking side by side with the incorrigible Bohemian, his brother, suggested a perplexing subject for meditation." We find Matthew in the Oxford chapter:

From the autumn of 1842 to the end of 1846 my time, and my brother's also, was chiefly spent at Oxford. He was cultivating his poetic gift carefully, but his exuberant, versatile nature claimed other satisfactions; his keen, bantering talk made him something of a social lion among Oxford men; he even began to dress fashionably. Goethe displaced Byron in his poetical allegiance; the transcendental spells of Emerson wove themselves around him; the charm of an exquisite style made him, and long kept him, a votary of George Sand. The perfect handling of words, joined to the delicate presentation of ideas, attracted him powerfully to John Henry Newman, whose afternoon Sunday sermons at St. Mary's he for a long time regularly attended. But, so far as I know, Newman's teaching never made an impression upon him.

After leaving Oxford Mr. Arnold went out to New Zealand, where he roughed it and met Alfred Domett—Browning's "Waring"; then he became a school inspector in Tasmania, married, and joined the Roman Catholic Church. His next move was to Dublin, where he met Newman, and soon after was established in a position in the Oratory school at Edgbaston. Thereafter the story loses interest to the ordinary reader, being much taken up with religious inquietude. There is, however, a record of Continental travel. Mr. Arnold is now, and has been for some years, a Fellow of the Royal University of Ireland and Examiner in English Language and Literature. His is the candid narrative of a scrupulous and highly cultured mind, and as such it has value apart from the further light which it throws upon a great family. (Arnold. 12s. 6d.)

AMONG HORSES IN SOUTH AFRICA. BY M. H. HAYES.

"I have seen Hayes argue with a tough horse," says Mr. Kipling in one of his "Plain Tales," but he will probably never see a critic argue with Mr. Hayes. A thorough master of horsemanship and horse-breaking, Mr. Hayes can be argued with only by the most expert of his own class, and then who is to deliver judgment? Mr. Hayes also plies an easy pen. His books on the Horse, which are many, might be cited in a discussion on the relations between matter and style as examples of the charm of mere matter. The good horseman is always a man of the world; in studying horses he has to study men, and the odds are that he will talk or write about both with grip and picturesqueness. Mr. Hayes does; and we do not know when we like him best—in his horse passages or his man passages. Here is one of the former:

The way in which horses are broken to saddle in South Africa is one which I have never seen practised in any other country. It is charmingly simple, and has its good points as well as its bad ones. It consists of tying the head of the neophyte close up to that of a steady horse by means of a cord connecting the respective headstalls worn by these animals. After they have both been saddled and bridled, the "school-master" is first mounted, and then another man gets on the young one, who is powerless to buck, rear, or run away, on account of his head being fixed. Besides this, the fact of his being alongside another horse gives him confidence, and no matter how wild he may be, he will learn in a short time to carry his burden and regulate his pace according to that of his companion. As he settles down quietly to work, the connecting cord may be gradually loosened out, until at last it can be taken off altogether. This is a capital plan if one has a good break horse, and if one knows no better way. Its great fault is its tendency to make a horse unwilling to go alone. Of course, it has no pretensions to giving a horse a good mouth.

Mrs. Hayes is hardly less the master of a tough horse than her husband, and Mr. Hayes's stories of her exploits add to the charm of a manly, horsey book. (Everett & Co.)

PEPYS'S GHOST.

BY EDWIN EMERSON, JUNIOR.

This is a jest of a not unfamiliar type, but hailing from New York and carried out with great elaboration. Mr. Emerson resurrects Mr. Pepys and lends him his own autobiography. He describes the social and Bohemian life of "Greater Gotham," which is New York itself, likewise his adventures (as a special correspondent) in the Spanish War, and "His *Minor Exploits in the Field of Love and Fashion with his Thoughts thereon.*" The fooling is sprightly and well sustained, although perhaps it is continued rather long, and the Pepysian manner and temper, which Mr. Emerson catches admirably, are better suited to the urban business than to the soldiering. A few examples of this ingenious chronicle of small beer will not be amiss. Mr. Emerson takes the trouble to explain

his topical and personal allusions in footnotes, which we omit:

Twelfthnight. Lay long in bed to persuade my wife how we must spend our substance less lightly, my new great coate and the silken whisp that I did give her for Christmas of last year indeed costing out of all countenance, but she, poor wretch, doth so complayne of her dull lot that I in pity promise her to go to Mr. Daly his playhouse once more to see Mistress Rehan act her part, I thinking that it must needs be the play *Twelfth Night*, that merry comedy Jack Wendell did delight me in, when we ate hasty pudding together at coledge. So, after dinner, took coach, and thither, but were astonished to see her take the part of Rosalind in *As You Like It*, that pastoral play so cried up by Mlle. de Maupin. There saw we Will Winter and John Corbin, the pamphleteer who helpeth Mr. Alden in his office on Franklin Square, standing up right in the foremost pit, but I accosted him not espying Polly close by him, yet knew not one another, and I highly contented therat, and glad withal to behold her smooth neck turning now this way, now that, as if for to vex me, albeit she feigned not to see me, because of my wife.

Mr. Pepys attempts to learn the bicycle:

In comes my cozen James, and he must have it for me to ride on his new-fashioned machine made of two wheels all a-tilt and saddled. Then he sustaining and I bestriding the pesky thing did we venture forth on the high road, I sweating over my whole body and pulling now this leg, now that, till he with a loud outcry overturned me where the road was most dirty. So vexed I was, that forgetting our kinship I out and called him a fool and like hard names, kicking the traitorous engine with my foot; but he not minding my choler, persuadeth me to mount agayn only to suffer a worsen fall. Then became I as one furious mad, for my camelott suit was all ripped and soyled, and my new hatte, bought of Knox, the hatter, dimpled in shamefully, with no rewards for my payns but mocks and laughs, so I did sweare an oath to bestride none but horses and soft carriages if God help me out of this adventure.

Mr. and Mrs. Pepys go to a Horse Show:

I in my white waist-coat and glossed beaver and shoen of the fashion that pleases me well, my wife in her new gowne and purple petticoat, very pretty. At the show we were nigh crushed unto death, the gentlemen and ladies stepping around the hall like ye hands on a poke dial with no regard to the horses, but to the many persons of quality in the stalls. All were gaping at the Duke of Savoy, late arrived, making him more uneasy in his place, till he up and out to avoid them. And so much finery and pretty laces and handsome smocks with silken sarcenets I never did behold, no not in former times, when the Duke of Marlborough brought his bride, but my wife thought it a shame to have all the frocks spoiled by a stench of stables.

(Boston: Badger & Co.)

ALFRED AND THE CHRONICLERS.

BY EDWARD CONYBEARE, M.A.

Another instalment of "Millenary" literature. Mr. Conybeare opens with a "popular and readable" sketch of Alfred's life, with some interesting extracts from his own proverbs, prefaces, and translations. Thus, or nearly thus, Alfred "expands and Christianises" the fine quatrain of Boethius:

Felix, qui potuit boni
Fontem visere lucidam;
Felix qui potuit gravis
Terrae solvere vincula.

In Mr. Conybeare's rendering of the Anglo-Saxon this becomes:

Lo! of all upon earth
Is the happiest he
Who hath heart to behold
That clearest of waters
That wellet in heaven
With light from the Highest:
Who eke from himself
All swartness, all mist,
All the murk of his mood,
To scatter hath might.

With God and His grace
By tales of old time
Thy thought will we teach,
Till thou readest aright
The highway to heaven,
That loved native land,
Own home of our soule.

The rest of the book consists of translations from the more or less "original" authorities for the history of Alfred, and in particular of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle and of Asser's *De Elfredi rebus gestis*. The latter, at least, might have been done as a whole. Mr. Conybeare's work is "popular and readable," which is all he claims for it. It is not very scholarly, and he does not appear to have taken the trouble to acquaint himself with the latest literature on his subject. He does not seem to be aware that Petrie and Hardy's edition of the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle" has been superseded by Mr. Plummer's, and some, at least, of his other texts by those in the "Rolls" series. (Elliot Stock.)

LAW WITHOUT LAWYERS. BY TWO BARRISTERS-AT-LAW.

This bulky volume of over seven hundred pages fails to disclose on its title-page the names of its authors, beyond the fact that they are two members of the Bar, and we gather from the preface that part of the work is due to a third gentleman of the long robe, hailing from Lincoln's Inn. While the work cannot for a moment be taken as seriously doing what it purports to do, it is not without a certain interest and value—though mainly to a lawyer. Its defects as a popular work are many, some of them almost inevitable, such as the constant use of legal terms and phrases not to be found explained within its covers; and certain of the attempts made at definition are not very happy, notoriously the attempt to define a tort. But the great defect of the work lies in its style and want of proper plan of arrangement under each topic. Important fundamental practical points ought to be kept together, and not to be scattered anyhow under the particular head. Thus what is said in regard to wills is so put that we defy any lay person to draw one up from the information given, and such an important matter as gifts to attesting witnesses is so placed as quite possibly to escape attention altogether. The authors would have done well to translate the Latin phrases they employ. We never expected to find a single woman masquerading under the style of *feme sole* in such a work as this. The volume displays evidence of considerable industry, and is really a fairly comprehensive, though ill-balanced, survey of the law. But for a work of this kind to be of much value there is required a legal knowledge and a power of expression in simple and lucid English that we fear is not possessed by these authors; and mere industrious compilation will never prove an equivalent, for judges deliver their judgments in the language of the law, and statutes, even when well drafted, are not to be fully comprehended by the lay mind. (John Murray.)

THE DERBYSHIRE CAMPAIGN SERIES.

BY OFFICERS OF THE REGIMENT.

Two volumes of this excellent little series are before us—No. 2, *Central India*, and No. 5, *Tirah Campaign*—the first written by General Sir Julius Raines, and the second by Captain A. K. Slessor. In 1858-1859 the 95th, as they then were, took part in the Central India Campaign, and for eighteen months marched and fought through Cutch, Rajputana, and Central India, and took Gwalior on the day after Waterloo Day, 1858. After taking part in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, and the Sikkim Expedition of 1888, the 95th, now the 2nd Battalion Derbyshire Regiment, went through the Tirah Campaign of 1897-1898. They were at Dargai and the Arhanga Pass, and the other battles of the war. The Derbyshire Regiment is to be congratulated on these little books, which bear the appropriate motto, "Lest we forget." (Sonnenschein)

Fiction.

By Order of the Company. By Mary Johnstone.
(Constable. 6s.)

THIS is one of the best historical novels we have read for a long time. Miss Johnstone can write, and she can re-create a period. Particularly, she knows the spirit of the American virgin forest. Perhaps it is the sense of that encompassing beauty and terror which gives so pronounced an individuality to her books, and saves them, despite their lavish and often startling use of incident, from the taint of sensationalism.

The present romance is a clear advance in conception and execution on her earlier work, *The Old Dominion*, itself a fine achievement. There is the same Virginian setting, but the period, in this case the reign of James I., is more closely realised and more vividly presented, giving, indeed, an admirable study of Colonial life with some strong characterisation. Once launched on the story, we are swept on from adventure to adventure. Yet it is possible that had the author held in check that daring imagination of incident which is at once her great power and her besetting temptation, she would have given us a subtle as well as a strong study of character. There is demand for both qualities in the situation to which she introduces us. The Lady Jocelyn Leigh, a ward of the king, has fled over-seas disguised as a serving-maid, to escape the suit of Lord Carnal, the king's all-powerful favourite. When the men of the colony go out to choose their mates from the ship's cargo of women, Jocelyn, assailed by an insolent wooer, turns for refuge to Captain Ralph Percy, whose wife she becomes. But though she has accepted a husband's protection, she has no thought of yielding him more than the coldest dutifulness. Thenceforth Percy has two aims in life: to win the heart of the woman whose hand he has won, and to shield her from Lord Carnal, who has tracked her and appears in Jamestown in all his dangerous pomp and power. The duel between the two men is deadly, for Carnal is ready to use as weapons law or the king's whim, or, at need, the scalping knives of the Indians or the poisons of his Italian physician. Exciting episode is crowded on episode—plot there is practically none—and the perils and escapes would grow incredible were they one whit less vigorously related. As it is, there is but one part of the book, the capture of the pirate ship, where belief and attention are somewhat strained. The sea is not Miss Johnstone's element; she gathers strength in the gathering shadow of the woods. Unfortunately—at least, in one reader's judgment—the author, in the thronging external interest, has wearied of the spiritual drama. Avowed love succeeds too soon to the fascinating contradictions of gratitude and defiance with which Jocelyn met her husband, and we have thereafter only their outward fates to follow. But these are enthralling. Percy's flight from the Indians to whom Carnal betrayed him, bearing to Jamestown the message which is to save the colony, is a masterly piece of work, and Nautaukas, the Indian chief who turns traitor to his race to warn the English, his friends, stands forth an imposing figure.

The end of the book, where wrongs are righted and peace achieved, suffers from a comparison with the haunting close of *The Old Dominion*, with its spaces of desolation and of love. The happy ending, which is never a real ending, cannot be so impressive as the sorrow which may be ultimate. So the true climax of *By Order of the Company* is not in its final love passage, with its regrettable touch of prettiness, but in the farewell to Lord Carnal. Broken and baffled, scarred out of that beauty which had been his power, Carnal rises into a dignity of defeat. In that scene Miss Johnstone learns the restraint which is her chief need, and there is a memorable ring in the dying favourite's simple confession of failure: "The stakes were heavy, and I have not wherewithal to play again."

Andromeda: an Idyll of the Great River. By Robert Buchanan. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

THE right of dramatising this story its author has done well to reserve; for whatever may be thought of the book as a novel, it offers material for a hopeful melodrama. The entry of the heroine might tax the ingenuity of the stage-manager, but should immensely well repay it. Somerset, an artist studying Turner-esque effects on the lowlands where Thames flows into the German Ocean, strolled out at night and longed to be a Greek.

Suddenly his heart leapt within him, and he started in surprise, almost in terror.

Under the sea-wall on the side on which he had stretched himself, lay a creek of moonlit water; across it, almost fifty yards away, rose a grass-covered slope leading to shadowy sea-meadows; and suddenly, moving rapidly in the water below him, and floating up the creek, he saw—what? Did his eyes deceive him? Was he mad or dreaming? Of course it was impossible, but it seemed to his excited vision like the form of some human being! Something white like marble! Arms stretched out softly and oaring the still stream; a form submerged, yet dimly shining through the water as it swam along; and above the moonlight shining down upon it, a face set in black hair, which fell like seaweed over ivory shoulders!

To Mr. Buchanan, we remark in passing, must be assigned the honour of having discovered the extraordinary luminosity of the Essex moon. But we are soon snatched up to Bloomsbury; and there "*Anniedromedy*," having inherited wealth from her husband overseas, drops into an engagement with Somerset. The arrival of the Monster, the husband, at this point will fill the least experienced nursemaid with a delicious sense of verified prognosis. Perseus has his chance and—not to put too fine a point upon it—funks; and the Monster, after knifing his "lily-fingered" rival, behaves handsomely. Here lurks Mr. Buchanan's little surprise: "A new turn to the fable, isn't it? This time *Andromeda* is a modern missie, our friend Perseus a bit of a prig, and the Monster has turned out to be a man."

Only he had not, except in the intention of the author. For the fact is that, not in his case alone, the "char-drawing" is smudgy and unconvincing. Nor can we discern any serious effort to preserve the atmosphere of the fifties on which in his first page the author picturesquely insists. To be the work of a man who has done better, this is bad work—that promises worse.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE REBEL. By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

A new historical romance by the author of *Galloping Dick*. Sub-title: "Being a Memoir of Anthony, fourth Earl of Cherwell, including an Account of the Rising at Taunton in 1684, compiled and set forth by his cousin, Sir Hilary Mace, Bart., Custos Rotulorum for the County of Wilts." Mr. Marriott Watson takes full advantage of the conversational opportunities of Stuart times. Charles the Second is among the characters. (Heinemann. 6s.)

HEARTS IMPORTUNATE. By EVELYN DICKINSON.

A story of New South Wales and colonial emotions. The principal hearts are those belonging to Ralph Hazell and Avis Fletcher. "She shrank back quicker yet. 'You don't understand. Why do you make it so hard for me? The world was right. I ought to have been someone else's wife . . . His eyes flamed. He stood a

minute weighing her words, then: 'What do I care for that? I have been someone else's husband.'" (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA.

By BOOTH TARKINGTON.

An American story by a new author. The hero is an editor, who, coming to a town where corruption is rife, vows to cleanse it, and at his personal risk does so. The chief menace to the community is a lawless band known as the White Caps, between whom and the editor there is a deadly feud. The end is peace, but there are shooting-irons on the way. (Richards. 6s.)

A KENT SQUIRE.

By F. W. HAYES.

Another historical romance ("One warm afternoon towards the middle of October, 1711") of prodigious length. To some extent the story is true, the hero being Ambrose Gwynett of Thornhaugh, who is not unknown to by-way historians. The scene is laid alternately in France and England, and the author not only supplies his own illustrations but announces that the sequel, *The Further Adventures of a Kent Squire*, is in the press. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE WALLET OF KAI-LUNG.

By ERNEST BRAMAH.

The best way to describe this very novel book is to say that if Pooh-Bah of "*The Mikado*" were to set out to write stories, he would write much as Mr. Bramah does. The floweriness and dignity of his diction, and much of his humour, distinguish these pages. Kai-Lung is a wandering romancer. (Richards. 6s.)

LOVE, SPORT, AND A DOUBLE EVENT.

By W. B. GILPIN.

A story with an equine hero. "*Bogside's*" racing performances are described in great detail, and the author's last words of farewell are given to "*Bogside*." Incidentally, Hugh Carlton and Leslie and Nora McBride make love. (Leadenhall Press. 3s. 6d.)

THE LOVE OF PARSON LORD,
AND OTHER STORIES.

By MARY E. WILKINS.

Five short stories of New England life, very characteristic of their author, whose portrait is given as frontispiece. "*Three Old Sisters and One Beau*" is a charming little sketch, ending thus: "The old Bride passed up the aisle with her old Bridegroom, and a smile of youth, that triumphed over age and memory, shone on her old face through her white veil, and no one ever knew whether she wore her own or her sister's wedding-gown, or had wedded her own or her sister's old Beau." (Harpers. 6s.)

THE ACROBAT.

By JOHN D. BARRY.

"What's at the *Cirque Parisien*?"—"At the *Cirque Parisien*? There's Mademoiselle Blanche, the acrobat. They say she's a marvel, monsieur—and beautiful—the most beautiful woman in Paris. She dives from the top of the building backwards—hundreds of feet." This is the story of Blanche's dives, of her English rival Miss Lottie King, and of her lover Jules. (John Long. 6s.)

CHRYSTALLA.

By ESMÉ STUART.

A pleasant village-life novel with a few quiet characters, including an historian, who is in the midst of a work on the Saxon kings when he receives a legacy. The legacy is Chrystalla. Chrystalla's story and the Saxon kings mingle pleasantly in this flowing, unexciting story. (Methuen. 6s.)

GARTHOWEN.

By ALLEN RAINE.

Mr. Raine is the novelist of Wales, and here, as in *A Welsh Singer* and *By Berwen Banks*, he gives us a romantic idyll full of fresh air and sea-murmur, quaint character, folk-lore, and piety. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

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The Eaglet.

I.—M. Rostand, Sarah, and Paris.

M. EDMOND ROSTAND, at thirty, found himself last week on the pinnacle of glory. True, Victor Hugo was there already at twenty-one; but M. Rostand is not by any means a Victor Hugo. Two years ago "Cyrano de Bergerac"—a "masterpiece" of superficial brilliance, of no solid literary or dramatic value whatever, but with a taking "go" and swing in measure and sentiments calculated to carry popular applause—made him famous. The success of "Cyrano" won him the grateful admiration of the College Stanislas, which in earlier days had expelled him; and on the occasion of a visit of the entire school to the theatre to applaud the ancient black sheep's genius, M. Rostand addressed it in lines composed expressly for the occasion, in which the youth of to-day was lyrically adjured to sport on all and every occasion *la panache*.

"L'Aiglon" is the Napoleonic *panache* worn with ineffectual fervour. From the dramatic, intellectual, and psychological points of view, the new play is a long step in advance of "Cyrano." It is more mature, and here and there may be detected a ringing echo of Hugo in his great hours. It is packed with vibrating lines that touch the chord of the French heart. There can be no doubt that as a play the piece, during the first four acts, is superb. This admitted, your attitude towards it will be intensified or modified by your sentiment with regard to the Napoleonic legend. Personally, I regard that legend as the hugest horror of history, and Bonaparte as a monster befitting a tale of Gehenna. And so all these magnificent lines about the tricolour flag of the Emperor washed above in star-dew and drenched below in blood, these frantic reminiscences of iniquitous victories, these French sentimentalities about the "Old Guard" and "The Little Hat," the Eagle and the Eaglet, leave me unmoved, with a feeling of lassitude and dismay before such a futile expenditure of emotion and generous sentiment. Besides, I find the moment ill-advised for the *panache*, with England and France showing their teeth to one another and rumours of war in the air. These exceptions made to the value of the play as a whole, Paris, M. Rostand, and his great interpreter, Sarah, have equal reason to congratulate themselves. Paris has a thrilling experience to register, and the triumphs of dramatist and actress are equally great. Sarah Bernhardt is incomparable as the Duke of Reichstadt. I went to see her with some misgiving, I will own, after my recent deception in her Hamlet. Here, too, she sometimes strikes the hysterical note of Hamlet, but here it shocks less. I would she did not scream or yell so much in her emotional crises; but, apart from this touch of dramatic charlatanism inseparable from her triumphant genius, her new rôle is undoubtedly one of the best I have seen her in. After the brutal disfigurement of Hamlet it comes as a refreshment and a wonder. She looks so young and charming, as if she really were at life's aurora and not at its wane; she makes such a slim, graceful, delicate young prince, with the touch of early blight upon a pallid visage, that it surpasses the belief of man that it is an old woman who has evoked for us this boyish silhouette of history.

I have said that the earlier acts of "L'Aiglon" are the best, and I will accentuate this statement by the assertion that the sixth act is a grotesque and hideous blot upon a really fine work. It is an accepted fact that Sarah must die in every piece, since she started by dying so well in "La Dame aux Camélias" and "Frou-Frou." And so, to afford her a new occasion to break her audience's heart by the moving sight of another consumptive death, M. Rostand had to compel us to assist at the last moments of his Franco-Austrian Hamlet. The whole scene is absurd and offensive; in the worst of taste and of a maudlin bathos—intended for pathos. I own my sympathies were altogether with Metternich, who seemed heartily sick of the dying Duke's tirades, his monologue, and the attitude of all the weeping women about him, and who cynically cried, the instant the long-drawn last breath left the Duke's body: "You will put on his white uniform." There is not an effect in this act that is not supremely ridiculous—from the first, when the Archduchess, the aunt who is in love with her eaglet of a nephew, begs him to communicate with her alone, the plot being that all the Imperial family shall assist at the Viaticum, as Austrian Court etiquette demands, unseen by the dying lad. Where was the necessity of this burlesque of religion, with its tawdry and ignoble sentiment. The Duke, who is not thinking of God or hereafter, but only of his missed fortune and his father's blood-washed glory, goes off in his dressing gown to receive the last sacrament, and a very motley, unimposing crowd of women pour in behind him and kneel down. The usual effaced evocation of la Vallière is there, who screams with emotion; and the Duke, turning, discovers the domestic plot. He is, I know not why, frightfully angry to find that he has been "robbed of his death," and hastens to make good the larceny by dying with all the proper amount of sentimentality and self-consciousness worthy of the son of Napoleon. He calls for the cradle presented to the King of Rome by Paris, and begins to rock it; and everyone weeps when he pathetically says that it is the Duke of Reichstadt who is rocking the King of Rome. Is it possible to conceive a more idiotic climax of a really striking play? Again, Marie Louise kneels to beg his forgiveness. Forgiveness of what? That she hastened to forget a brutal *parvenu* whom she never loved, and whom she was forced to marry to cover her father's humiliation? As an Austrian and a princess nothing could be more natural than her attitude to her exiled husband; and yet M. Rostand makes her son weep for the embraces and sympathy of Josephine, and heap curses on his mother's head because she could forget that she had been the wife of a hero. But Bonaparte was no hero for Marie Therese. He was the hard conqueror of her people, the price of whose conquest she was. It would have been more subtle, if less French, to have presented us with a Duke of Reichstadt with a complex mingling of sympathies on the Austrian side along with those of his father's race. Is it possible to believe that there was nothing of the archdukes in Marie Louise's son, the Emperor Franz' grandson, and that only the blood of the Corsican soldier prevailed?

One more criticism, and all the rest is praise. The evocation of the battle of Wagram is an ingenious and original scene, but the Prince is too hysterical, his monologue is spoiled by being made too long and "stringy," and his emotion, as is inevitably the case when Sarah's nerves are strained, is too violent and boisterous. The most effective and touching incident of the act is the death of the brave and sympathetic Flambeau, one of the Old Guard, excellently acted by M. Guitry, who dies on the field of Wagram believing himself back on the great day of battle. The Prince, holding him in his arms, fans the fires of delirium. "What is the Archduke doing?" he shouts. The Prince, with a splendid vigour and verve, describes the movement of the Archduke. "He has dished

himself," shouts the dying soldier in the slang of the boulevards. "And what is the Emperor doing?" The Emperor makes a gesture and says—. "Victory," shouts the Grenadier, and falls back dead. The Prince's monologue which follows is in parts singularly impressive, and the wave-like wail of the souls that haunt the field of Wagram is of a marvellous and poetic originality upon the stage. It is reverie that takes on corporeal shape when the voices of a sickly and imaginative boy's soul roar round him and fill him with the fatal significance of the past. May it not be, he asks himself with anguish, that he was destined as the expiatory victim of his father's glory? More concision and restraint would make this monologue worthy to take its place beside the great monologues of drama.

In the scene with the Emperor Franz, the Duke of Reichstadt is at first irresistibly charming, and, in his explosion of rage afterwards, superbly convincing. All the effects of this act are thrillingly dramatic—the apostrophe, full of concentrated hate, that Metternich addresses to Napoleon's hat; the scene with the Grenadier in his French uniform, who terrifies the Chancellor as a spectre of an abhorred past; the admirable climax of the mirror, when the unhappy and doubting Prince is confronted with his weak Spanish-Austrian countenance, in which lies no hint of paternal force and genius. "L'Aiglon" should end with the arrest of the Duke of Reichstadt on the field of Wagram. For all that precedes it, from the bright and effective opening, is a triumph of dramatic art. The play is full of lines that will be remembered, even after its vogue will have passed. Who will forget the Prince's scornful dissertation on the "but," the fatal limit of his freedom? or Flambeau's admirable description of the Old Guard's undying sources of enthusiasm? or the laconic bitterness and cynicism of the Prince's reply when asked what he wanted more than the space of the park of Schoenbrunn to ride in—"Europe"? One understands why "The Eaglet" should be something more than a new play for Paris—a sensation.

H. L.

II.—Which—the King of Rome, or Master Lambton?

It is naturally on the psychological side of the Duke of Reichstadt's character that M. Rostand has fixed his attention. The wonder is that the theme, with all its possibilities, has been left for so late a dramatist to seize. And the wonder grows when we learn the precise source of M. Rostand's inspiration, as communicated by himself to an interviewer representing the *Westminster Gazette*. We will quote his statement in full before making any comment:

The idea of placing on the stage the Duke of Reichstadt, or the "Son of the Man," as he was called (said the dramatist), was suggested to me by an *aqua-forte* reproduction of a picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, representing the young Prince, at the age of twelve or fourteen, draped in the folds of a long mantle, and standing in a rocky and mountainous landscape. When still a child the portrait had been placed in my bedroom at Marseilles, and appealed to my youthful imagination by the expression of infinite melancholy and dreaminess which the English artist had imparted to it. In a like manner the reading of the marvellous adventures of Cyrano de Bergerac during my school days prompted me later on to depict on the stage the career of the Gascon hero.

The work of Sir Thomas Lawrence I allude to (continued M. Rostand) must not be confused with another portrait of the Duke of Reichstadt, painted by him at Vienna in 1818. My *aqua-forte*, which I have, unfortunately, lost since, was a reproduction of a full-length portrait, painted in 1827, and which, I understand, is now the property of the Marchioness of Lavalette, in London.

There is surely a strange irony in the fact that M. Rostand's interest in the son of Napoleon the First was awakened by an English artist's portrait. The head of that son, here represented, is from an engraved copy of the drawing of the Duke of Reichstadt made by Sir



THE KING OF ROME.

Drawn at Vienna by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

Thomas Lawrence at Vienna, about 1825. Our reproduction shows the upper portion of the "long mantle" mentioned by M. Rostand. But this mantle is really the only point in which M. Rostand's careful description agrees with Lawrence's drawing. For in the drawing there is no background of mountains, nor is the expression of the face one of "infinite melancholy or dreaminess." Moreover, no such portrait as M. Rostand describes is catalogued by Lord Ronald Gower in his exhaustive list of Sir Thomas Lawrence's works, nor does the Print Room of the British Museum help us to an identification. M. Rostand's belief that the original of his *aqua-forte* is in the possession of the Marchioness of Lavalette, in London, seems founded on another misconception. We believe there is no Marchioness of Lavalette now resident in London, though there was a Comtesse de Lavalette many years ago. Moreover, it is incredible that a painted portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence of the second Napoleon should have escaped notice. Baffled by these difficulties, the present writer sought the help of Mr. Algernon Graves, of Pall Mall, who assisted in compiling Lord Ronald Gower's catalogue, issued with superb illustrations by the Goupil Company. Mr. Graves felt positive that no such portrait as M. Rostand describes is in existence. He also made a suggestion which is startling and whimsical, but which it is difficult to reject entirely. It was that M. Rostand had either been looking all the time at Sir Thomas Lawrence's well-known portrait of Master Lambton, or had hopelessly mixed up his impressions of two pictures—the Master Lambton and the simple drawing of the Duke of Reichstadt, from which our reproduction is taken. In the former portrait young Lambton is represented in the midst of a "rocky and mountainous landscape," and his expression can be accurately described as "one of infinite melancholy and dreaminess." It would be singular if M. Rostand had been inspired to dramatise the life of Napoleon's son by his vague recollection of the portrait of a young scion of English nobility. Yet the suggestion is not unnatural under the circumstances.

The idea of dramatising the short life of Napoleon's son, known variously as Napoleon II., King of Rome, and Duke of Reichstadt, was an inspiration. Many people

have almost forgotten that this unhappy young Prince ever existed. They have rarely, if ever, realised that, while Napoleon was meditating on his shattered life on St. Helena, his heir, for whose birth he had moved heaven and earth, was living a life of tame splendour in the Court of Vienna—oppressed by the shadow of his father. The prince's entry into the world had been so difficult that Napoleon, to hearten the unnerved doctors, told them to treat his Queen "as you would a bourgeoisie in the Rue St. Denis"; and when at last they asked him which life they should spare, he answered, with a justice which in his case had more than usual significance: "The mother's, it is her right." In the end all went well. The child uttered a feeble cry, and Napoleon, entering the ante-chamber in which the high functionaries were assembled, announced the event in these words: "It is a King of Rome."

The child was never King of Rome, except in a sense as hollow and titular as he was Emperor of France. Delightful stories are told of Napoleon's affection for his boy, how he would upset his toys in sport, or give him claret by dipping his finger in a wine-glass, and allowing him to lick it. When the crash came the young Prince was taken by his mother to Vienna, where he lived out his short perplexed life of twenty-one years.

Things Seen.

The Man with Mercy.

HE literally carried it about with him. It was a newspaper: what, I suppose, would be called a new journalistic venture. There are many; but this peculiarly was his. He must, I fancy, have been proprietor, editor, staff, and everything else. Through the autumn and winter, in all sorts of weather, I have seen him on the Parade holding Mercy by the hand. I thought at first it was his favourite paper, and that, in the preoccupied way of enthusiasts, he had forgotten to put it in his pocket. Then I began to notice that he always held it precisely in the same way, with proud diffidence at arm's length: always so that the title was left conspicuous. He was a serious man; there was a kind of forlorn dignity about him. When he chanced to be gazing dreamily across the sea (and he was invariably doing this when the sea was calm) I would peer at the folded sheet: "Mercy, a Journal for—". That was as much as he would give away for nothing. He walked more resolutely on stormy days, in the manner of one making for a definite goal. I inquired at several newsagents', but no one seemed to have heard of Mercy. Then I began to feel shy as he approached me with his perpetual signal; the pathos of it grew upon me, and in nervous moments I would cross the road or bolt down to the lower esplanade to avoid him. Yet he seemed an exceeding gentle man. Once, however, I saw a flash of indignation in his eyes. This was when a florid parson, strutting patronage of the English Channel, in company with a brilliant young woman, smiled ironically and said something to her.

He is still keeping it up. I saw him again to-day. It was bitterly cold, and he had a benumbed look and walked with an unaccustomed weariness, as though the east wind had lowered his circulation and he was in despair of getting it up again. His hand was blue, and his nose was blue, and poor Mercy looked rather blue too. There were few passers-by, and none to care. The fashionable world, cosy in furs, rolled to and fro in its carriages. The sea had a great hungry roar.

Shadows.

A RAMSHACKLE conveyance awaited my arrival at the wayside station. The steed was a feeble-looking animal, the driver decidedly bucolic, and I prepared for a tedious and uninteresting drive with as much resignation as I could muster.

We rumbled off through the sleepy little Devonshire village, and out into the lanes beyond, at a pace that somewhat belied the mild incapacity of the grey mare's appearance.

I tried to draw my companion into conversation, but gave up the attempt, for I could elicit no more response than a laconic "Ees fay" or "I worn zo" to my most brilliant efforts.

It was a long drive, and a faint white mist lay close about the meadows, rising to the upland, and shrouding banks and hedgerows alike, until they stood shadowy, wraith-like phantoms on our way.

As I watched the change creeping swiftly over the landscape, a weird fancy stole into my brain, a thought of all the human life that through the ages had clustered about this country side. Long lines, generation after generation, stretching far back into history, of sturdy peasants and herdsmen, who had dug and planted, sown and reaped, and then had sunk themselves back to the earth they had known so well.

They seemed to throng the meadows, curious primitive folk, long since forgotten, voiceless multitudes of the past, dull bovine creatures, dumb almost as the beasts they had tended, they pressed about me in the eerie dusk. I had never given them a thought before, but now their ghostly hands constrained me; and a realisation of their hard lives, of their unilluminated toil, of the oblivion that had wiped away even their names, rushed over me, compelling me to understand.

As I stepped from the chill and darkness into the warmth and welcome within, and felt the clasp of friendly hands upon my own, there still lingered in my mind the thought of those cottage hearthstones cold for centuries, and simple homesteads long since bare and open to the winds of heaven.

A Fine Elegy.

IN reviewing Mr. J. C. Bailey's collection of *English Elegies* a little while ago, we quoted two stanzas from Mr. J. W. Mackail's beautiful poem, "On the Death of Arnold Toynbee." Since then we have been asked by several correspondents to print this poem, which we give below. It is taken from *Love's Looking-Glass*, published for Mr. J. W. Mackail, Mr. H. C. Beeching, and Mr. J. B. B. Nichols by Messrs. Percival & Co. in 1891.

ON THE DEATH OF ARNOLD TOYNBEE.

(March 10, 1883.)

Good-bye; no tears nor cries
Are fitting here, and long lament were vain.
Only the last low words be softly said,
And the last greeting given above the dead;
For soul more pure and beautiful our eyes
Never shall see again.

Alas! what help is it,
What consolation in this heavy chance,
That to the blameless life so soon laid low
This was the end appointed long ago,
This the allotted space, the measure fit
Of endless ordinance?

Thus were the ancient days
Made like our own monotonous with grief;
From unassuaged lips even thus hath flown
Perpetually the immemorial moan
Of those that weeping went on desolate ways,
Nor found in tears relief,

For faces yet grow pale,
Tears rise at fortune, and true hearts take fire
In all who hear, with quickening pulse's stroke,
That cry that from the infinite people broke,
When third among them Helen led the wail
At Hector's funeral pyre.

And by the Latin beach
At rise of dawn such piteous tears were shed,
When Troy and Arcady in long array
Followed the princely body on its way,
And Lord Aeneas spoke the last sad speech
Above young Pallas dead.

Even in this English clime
The same sweet cry no circling seas can drown,
In melancholy cadence rose to swell
Some dirge of Lycidas or Astrophel
When lovely souls and pure before their time
Into the dusk went down.

These Earth, the bounteous nurse,
Hath long ago lapped in deep peace divine.
Lips that made musical their old-world woe
Themselves have gone to silence long ago,
And left a weaker voice and wearier verse,
O royal soul, for thine.

Beyond our life how far
Soars his new life through radiant orb and zone,
While we in impotency of the night
Walk dumbly, and the path is hard, and light
Falls, and for sun and moon the single star
Honour is left alone.

The star that knows no set,
But circles ever with a fixed desire,
Watching Orion's armour all of gold;
Watching and wearying not, till pale and cold
Dawn breaks, and the first shafts of morning fret
The east with lines of fire.

But on the broad low plain
When night is clear and windy, with hard frost,
Such as had once the morning in their eyes,
Watching and wearying, gaze upon the skies,
And cannot see that star for their great pain
Because the sun is lost.

Alas! how all our love
Is scant at best to fill so ample room!
Image and influence fall too fast away
And fading memory cries at dusk of day
*Deem'st thou the dust reck's aught at all thereof,
The ghost within the tomb?*

For even o'er lives like his
The slumberous river washes soft and slow;
The lapping water rises wearily,
Numbing the nerve and will to sleep; and we
Before the goal and crown of mysteries
Fall back, and dare not know.

Only at times we know,
In gyves convolved and luminous orbits whirled
The soul beyond her knowing seems to sweep
Out of the deep, fire-winged, into the deep;
As two, who loved each other here below
Better than all the world,

Yet ever held apart,
And never knew their own heart's deepest things,
After long lapse of periods, wandering far
Beyond the pathways of the furthest star,
Into communicable space might dart
With tremor of thunderous wings;

Across the void might call
Each unto each past worlds that raced and ran,
And flash through galaxies, and clasp and kiss
In some slant chasm and infinite abyss
Far in the faint sidereal interval
Between the Lyre and Swan.

Correspondence.

Mr. Barrie's "Better Dead."

SIR,—Our attention has been called to your paragraph in your issue of 3rd inst. relating to Mr. J. M. Barrie's *Better Dead*. The book has never been out of print, and several editions have from time to time been printed. The book, moreover, was included, with our consent, in the author's "Collected Works," published in America by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons and here by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.—We are, &c.,

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The Italian Affirmative.

SIR,—Mr. Le Queux is scarcely correct in his somewhat sweeping assertion upon the Italian affirmative. The Italian language is sometimes spoken of as "la lingua del sì," and "sì" is the grammatical expression employed in polite conversation. No doubt, colloquially, "gia" is used very much to express emphatic assent; but English writers scarcely display ignorance in adopting "sì," considering that it is employed almost exclusively in d'Annunzio's romances, "gia" being seldom made use of by the writer.—I am, &c.,

F. H. PICTON.

Applegarth, Maidencombe: March 19, 1900.

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

A HISTORY OF THE
ENGLISH CHURCH, 1640-1660.

BY WILLIAM A. SHAW.

Mr. Shaw tackles the very difficult period in the history of the Church of England created by the Civil War, when there took place the most complete and drastic revolution which that Church has ever undergone; when, in short, its whole structure was temporarily demolished. Incidentally, in his preface Mr. Shaw denounces the system under which parish registers are left in the keeping of incumbents, holding that all such precious muniments earlier than the present reign should be instantly removed to a specially organised department of the British Museum. (Longmans. 2 vols. 36s.)

A LIST OF ENGLISH PLAYS
WRITTEN BEFORE 1643

AND PRINTED BEFORE 1700. BY WALTER WILSON GREG.

A bibliographical work with an excellent aim. For the convenience of students the British Museum press-marks are appended to all the editions preserved in the national library. The book has been printed for the Bibliographical Society. (Blades, East & Blades.)

OUTLINES OF THE HISTORY OF RELIGION.

BY JOHN K. INGRAM.

The "outlines" are those recognised by Comte, and the author's aim is to give the quintessence of Comte's system of religion in a form which will allure his readers to go direct to Comte's bulkier works. (Black. 3s. 6d.)

PINK AND SCARLET.

BY BREVET LIEUT.-COLONEL
E. A. H. ALDERSON.

The device on the red cover of this handsome book consists of a sword and riding-whip crossed, with an inner cross formed by an army revolver and a hunting horn. As the tools of war and hunting are blent in the device, so the author's aim is to show how a young soldier can make his hunting "the very best of instruction in his profession." Lieut.-Col. Alderson mentions that he has had to conclude his book hurriedly owing to his receipt of orders to proceed on active service. (Heinemann.)

In addition to the foregoing, we have received :

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- Bourdillon (Rev. Francis), *Handfuls Plucked and Rubbed in Walking Through the Field of the Word of God* (Wells Gardner) 2/6
 Iversch (James), *Theism in the Light of Present Science and Philosophy* (Hodder & Stoughton)
 Costelloe (B. F. C.), *The Gospel Story* (Sands & Co.)

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

- Sargeant (W. D.), *The Banks of Nene: Songs and Sonnets* (Bozest Vicarage) 1
 Robinson (Lilian), *Rosemary Songs and Sonnets* (Horace Marshall & Son)
 Mackay (John), *War Songs and Songs and Ballads of Martial Life* (Scott)
 How (Frederick Douglas), *Lighter Moments from the Notebook of Bishop Walsham How* (Isbister) 2/6
 Whitaker (Joseph), *All in a Life: Poems* (Spring, St. Anne's-on-Sea)
 Fookett (Edward), *Hugh Trebarwith: a Cornish Romance* (Unwin) net 2/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Iggulden (Capt. H. A.), *The 2nd Battalion Derbyshire Regiment in the Sikkim Expedition of 1888* (Swan Sonnenschein) net 1/6
 Cutts (Rev. Edward L.), *A Handy Book of the Church of England* (S.P.C.K.)
 Brinton (Selwyn), *Correggio* (Bell & Sons) net 5/0
 Gardiner (Samuel Rawson), *Letters and Papers Relating to the First Dutch War, 1652-1654. Vol. II.* (Navy Records Society)
 Shaw (William A.), *A History of the Church of England During the Civil Wars and under the Commonwealth, 1640-1660. 2 vols.* (Longmans)
 Christy (Miller), *The Silver Map of the World: A Contemporary Medallion Commemorative of Drake's Great Voyage (1577-80)* (Stevens)
 Jenks (Edward), *A History of Politics* (Dent) net 1/0
 Eley (C. King), *The Cathedral Church of Carlisle* (Bell & Sons) 1/6

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- Burnet (John), *The Ethics of Aristotle* (Methuen)
 Warner (Francis), *The Nervous System of the Child* (Macmillan) net 4/6
 Jones (Harry C.), *The Theory of Electrolytic Dissociation, and Some of its Applications* (Macmillan) net 7/0

EDUCATIONAL.

- Rippmann (Walter), *Der Scheik von Alessandria und Seine Sklaven von Wilhelm Hauff* (Camb. Univ. Press) 2/6
 Johnson (R. Brimley)
 Ryland (Frederick), *Pope's Essay on Criticism* (Blackie) 1/6
 Lamiq (W. Cecil), *Eutropius* (Blackie) 1/6
 Lyeias, *Eratosthenes and Agoratus* (Clive) 2/6
 Chrystal (G.), *Algebra: An Elementary Text Book. Part II. Second Edition* (Black) 12/6
 Cookson (George), *English Poetry for Schools. Book II.: Secondary Edition* (Macmillan) 3/6
 Harris (Charles), *Goethe's Poems* (Isbister) 3/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

- C. H. B., *Thoughts for Nurses: Their Life and Work, Difficulties and Encouragements* (S.P.C.K.)
 Peacock (Wadham), *The Story of the Inter-University Boat Race* (Grant Richards) 2/0
 Brücke (Ernst), *The Human Figure: Its Beauties and Defects* (Grevel & Co.)
 Hayes (M. H.), *Among Horses in South Africa* (Everett) 5/0

* * *New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.*

Our Weekly Prize Competitions.

Result of No. 26 (New Series).

THE terms of this competition were set in the following way:—

A correspondent writes:—"This morning, as I was nearing the end of a journey in an omnibus, two elderly ladies got in, and at once continued a conversation which seemed to have been engaging them for some time. One said: 'Well, of course, it's her own affair; but what Peter's going to do I can't think. It isn't as if there was only Henry and the spaniel; there's Margaret as well. And John is expected home at any minute. Poor John!' 'Yes, indeed,' said the other. 'Poor John! and so fond of it all, too!' In the pause which followed, in which both ladies shook their heads solemnly, I had to alight. Might there not be the kernel of one of your interesting prize competitions in this fragment?' We take our correspondent's hint, and offer a prize of a guinea to what seems to us the most reasonable answers to the questions which follow:

- Who was "she," and what was her own affair?
 - Who was Peter, and why should her conduct put him out?
 - Who was Henry?
 - Who was Margaret?
 - Who was John, why should he be called "poor John," and what was it of which he was so fond?
- Answers should be as brief as possible.

Many ingenious theories have reached us, and we have decided to divide the prize between two competitors: Miss M. A. Woods, 17, Gower-street, W.C., who sends this:

"She" is a well-to-do widow, who is about to contract with her friends concerning an imprudent second marriage, taking with her her little boy, pet dog, and younger sister.

"Peter" is the widow's impecunious barrister brother, in whose house she has hitherto lived, and whose resources will

be seriously diminished by the loss of the liberal boarding-fees she has paid for herself and her establishment.

"Henry" is the widow's little boy.

"Margery" is the younger sister, the sunshine of the home and darling of her brothers, but pecuniarily dependent on her sister, and obliged to fall in with her plans.

"John" is another brother, who is returning invalided from South Africa, and is pronounced "poor" both on this account and because of the disappointment awaiting him in the dispersion of a household to the members of which—especially to his little nephew and to Margery—he is greatly attached.

and Miss Boddington, 21, St. Petersburg-place, London, W., who sends this:

"She" was a lady with some small amount of money of her own, who looked after her brother "Peter's" children and superintended the management of his house, besides contributing something towards the maintenance of himself and family. Now she was going to be married, and Peter, a widower, holding a position as clerk, would not have sufficient means alone to keep up his home. "Henry" was his son, and was not yet old enough to earn anything. He had a spaniel of which he was very fond. "Margaret" was Peter's invalid daughter. "John" was an admirer of Peter's sister, but she did not return his affection. He was in the army and a connexion of Peter and his sister, and when in England lived with them. He had now been invalided home, and would return to find the inmates of the household, of which he was so fond, about to separate.

Replies received also from: K. E. B., Birmingham; C. L. E., Matlock; B. C. H., London; G. N., Bristol; B. G. Barnley; A. B., Isleworth; Miss C., Ipswich; B. C. Ealing; C. B. F., Bagshot; F. A. A., Windermere; E. M. B. U., London; E. A., Ilfracombe; R. K. R., Glasgow; "Lingardia," Colwich; L. K., Highgate; E. S. H., Idle; H. G. H., Whitby; E. M. L., London; K. G. W., Slough; E. M. S., London; M. B. Matlock; C. I. P., Ross; G. M., Bedford; H. L. B., Groningen; L. L., Ramsgate; N. A., Beckenham; J. E. Y., London; A. S. H., Dalkeith; Mrs. M., Montrose; H. S. U., Chesham; A. W., London; C. C., London; E. M. L., Barton; B. R., London; S. E. M., Edinburgh; H. W., Farnborough; S. T., Abingdon; M. W., Hull; D. A. L., London; P. K., London; Mrs. C., London; F. T., London; E. H., London.

Competition No. 27 (New Series).

Book-teas have now been in fashion in the suburbs for some time, but society seems only just to be awakening to their fascinating possibilities. In the book-tea each guest has to come provided with a symbolic book title. Thus, if the book chosen is *As a Man Sows*, a button loosely hanging by one or two threads will be displayed; if *Hazel's Annual*, there will be a bunch of catkins or nuts in the button hole. Another good instance is referred to on our first page—an effort of imagination which Mr. Arthur Symonds ought to note for the second edition of his work on Symbolism. We offer this week a prize of a guinea for the best book-tea title. Competitors may send as many examples as they like, but in judging we shall prefer those that are new to us to those that are familiar.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, March 27. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 260, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

OUR SPECIAL PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(For particulars see inside page of cover.)

Received during the week: Salitelm, Rumpelstiltskin, John More, Hilda Marcow, Hearthstone, Dum Spiro Spero, Shrewberian, Sudo, Hamerton Yorke, W. B. W., Rhymer, Ego, Glendower, Soho, Fern Seed, Miriam Forester, "The Boy Guessed Right," Blackwater, Fác-a-ballah, Michael Jones, Geo. Cusack, Rab, Kaye, Zodiac, G. J. T. C., Chytoun, Chance, Soot, Moldore, Opal, Osarg, Ex-Colonius, Nuneaton, Ladore, Urbana, Baddesley, Semibreve, Eight Forty-One, Mig, Lois, Phintias, Manprat, Spero, Una, Veronica Lancaster, Shehallioni, Thurlloe, Sextus, Natura, H. T. S. A., Ethelon, Silencieux, Lybian, M. Leigh, M. C. B., Iota, Rusticus, Celia May, Kenna, Imperia, Claymore, Old Pard, Jarno, Scriptor, Canadienne, Iris, Citoyen D., Uuio, Teotric, Speranza, Criterion.

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New Series.—No. 27.

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